

THE GARDEN NOTES

MONTH OF AUGUST

1. Fall gardens are as important as spring gardens. Do not let the garden go to seed by planting one.

TEN REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD ENTER THE TYLER COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, TYLER, TEXAS.

From present indications, our fall attendance will be the heaviest in the history of the institution. We are now getting almost one hundred requests each day for catalogues from those interested in attending at once.

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To keep the bowels regular the best laxative is outdoor exercise. Drink a full glass of water half an hour before breakfast and eat an abundance of fruit and vegetables.

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Mystery of the Double Cross. By ANN LISLE. Novelized from the Pathe Photo Play of the Same Name.

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Hale falls in love with beautiful Philippa Brewster. He accidentally sees a double cross on her arm and learns that it marks the girl whom he is to marry to gain his inheritance.

SIXTH EPISODE

The Dead Come Back.

It was some time before Peter recovered sufficiently from the operation resulting from the pistol shot wound to go about among his friends. During his convalescence his thoughts were occupied with the strange behavior of Philippa and her strange engagement to Bentley.

On this particular afternoon Peter had been out for an airing, and he was on his way home at about the same moment that a lady with dark hair and a big hat entered his sitting room, and glancing anxiously about, clipped one of her dark curls with a delicate gesture, and laid it lovingly on a note, which she placed on the table.

Having done this, she heard footsteps, and before she could replace her hat Peter appeared in the hall. The visitor looked around—terror in her glance—and seeing no place to hide, flattened herself against the wall just behind the partially opened door.

His haste proved of no avail, for the strange visitor having reached the street, dashed around the corner and vanished, while Peter, still weak from his illness, stood staring rather stupidly into space.

"Where's your hat, Peter?" she called. "Where's your hat, Philippa?" he answered, and they both laughed. "Mine blew off," said the young lady; "but never mind the hat, Peter. I need your help, and need it badly. May I count on you?"

"You certainly may," said the amazed Peter, and he walked with her to the house. "If you'll take a chair, Philippa," said Peter as they entered the sitting room, "I'll be back in a minute—but hello, what's this—how'd that hat get in here?" and he pointed to a black feathered hat on a chair.

"The girl you seek may be the daughter of Herbert Brewster, but her name is not Philippa." "Well," cried the young man, "what do you think of that?" "Oh, I don't think anything of it—it looks to me like a piece of nonsense," was her easy reply.

"But you ought to know," persisted Peter. "And the fact that I don't seem to me to be good evidence that there is nothing in it. But, Peter, I can't stay here very long—and if you are willing to help me—"

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Her face assumed an expression not at all affectionate. "Love him?" she cried. "I hate him," and then changing in a second to a mood of affectionate entreaty, she put her hand on Peter's arm, and looking up into his face, whispered softly, "You will help me, Peter, won't you?"

The scheme worked perfectly. Neither of the two had the least trouble in securing the rooms they had planned to get, and once inside, Peter's visitor started to work on the door of Bentley's room. She made rapid progress and meanwhile Peter, from the room above, had fastened a piece of fire hose to a radiator near the window and let it down so that it fell in front of the window of the room below.

There would have been little more to tell save the successful conclusion of their joint adventure if two of Mr. Bentley's workers had not happened to be in the room at this very moment. They heard the noise made by the tool, slight as it was, and watched the girl with breathless interest, in the meantime keeping quiet.

In an instant her hand was seized in an iron grip by one of the men, while the other dashed out to secure the supposed burglar. By this time Peter had descended the fire hose and peering into the window beheld one of Bentley's lieutenants holding the girl's wrist and looking anxiously toward the door.



Compelled Him to Stand While He Rifled His Pockets.

tenant, and forced that individual to release Philippa's hand and withdraw from the locked door. Then backing away, Peter got to the door and, sure that the coast was clear, made his escape.

"Well, how did it come out?" he asked eagerly. "Philippa looked at him in astonishment. 'How did what come out?' 'Why, our affair at the Astra.' 'Peter, are you crazy? I have been with my father all day. I don't know what you are talking about. What has got into you lately?' 'Now, Philippa,' exclaimed Peter, 'this is too much—'

"What's this mean?" he demanded, as he faced Bentley and the stranger—and his son-in-law-to-be lost no time in turning the situation to his own advantage. "I discovered this burglar ransacking the safe," he said quickly. Appearances bore out Bentley's words. Brewster saw no reason to doubt their truth.

"You're just the man we want, officer," said Mr. Brewster. "Arrest that man," and he pointed to the supposed burglar. "Aha," said the policeman, "come along with me, young fellow—so you would rob safes, would you?" And he seized him by the arm and unceremoniously dragged him out.

"Was it chance or accident that a slender figure, wearing a mask that covered part of his eyes, his nose and most of his mouth stopped a ruffianly-looking tramp hurrying along the way, and thrusting a pistol into his face, asked him if he cared to buy a gun, and when the latter expressed no such desire, compelled him to stand while he rifled his pockets?"

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh.

the floor of his rooms in a deep study. The young man did not recognize the disguised voice, but the words met his entire approval. "Will you meet the Masked Stranger tonight at Fourth and Harley street, and thereby assist Brewster and aid in bringing Bentley to justice?"

After completing his plans he left with his chief lieutenant and making directly for the house of the Masked Stranger, which he remembered only too well, waited outside to see how best to act.

Unaware of this, and exulting in having so easily got rid of a man dangerous to his schemes, Bentley dismissed the lieutenant and betook himself to Philippa's side, where he passed the balance of the evening.

True to his instructions, "The Weasel" hid beneath the window waiting for the moment of action. So intent was he on looking toward the lighted pane that he had no chance to cry out when he was seized by strong hands and gagged and bound. Only his eyes showed his terror, for the face that bent over him was partially covered by a small black mask.

Inside the house Philippa was playing a little thing of Chaminade's, while Bentley stood beside her, his eyes upon her, but his thoughts elsewhere. When the hand of his watch reached 10:25 he informed her that he must keep an important appointment and, in spite of her efforts to keep him, kissed her good-night and departed, saying he would let himself out.

Having done this, he passed to the window, and, whispering to "The Weasel," "Are you ready?" received an affirmative answer and began to hand over the Brewster jewels. These were all passed out, and Bentley came to the documents, of which there were a number. His eyes fell on an envelope which bore the words: "Further facts relating to the mystery of the birth of Philippa."

Mr. Bentley paused and was about to open the envelope when he was confronted by the Masked Stranger, who had stolen in through an open window. Bentley's face took on an ashen hue, for it seemed to him that here was one back from the dead.

But dead men do not hold pistols in steady hands—and Bridge was not long in sizing up the situation—he made a spring for the stranger, and the latter, stepping back, slipped and dropped the revolver. It was discharged with a crash that echoed through the house and brought Hubert Brewster running in his dressing gown, a pistol in his own hand.

Holding the gun at the Masked Stranger's head he advanced a step. "Deliver that paper to Mr. Bentley," he commanded; "and you, Bridge, pick up his gun."

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PAST MOMENTS.

I know you have seen the days gone by. Loom up in the hazy distance; You can't forget them when you try. For they are human existence.

How others you led astray; How the very crumbs of sin you sived. And you're getting it back today. Don't whimper now because you're old.

How the cards and money your honor you sold. And how to the depths of sin you sank. You know how deep and low you went; How to others you used to say. There was no God, so to hell there sent; But you're getting it back today.

KENNETH K. MARTIN. Roanoke, La., June 26, 1917.

of fame rapidly, and as he justly deserves. First Lieutenant Ashton Sheldon Holmes Trappey, arrayed in the official garb of his rank, is scheduled to visit Welsh during the latter part of the week.

Mr. C. A. Earnst arrived yesterday on No. 10 from Beaumont, and will assume the position as official grader for the Southern Rice Growers Association. Mr. Earnst is a very capable young man having spent a number of years as rice grader. He was connected with the Atlantic mills at Beaumont the past year.

Mrs. L. S. Cornett and daughters, of Crowley, are visiting Mrs. Cornett's mother, Mrs. D. Barbee, at the Commercial Hotel.

Mr. H. F. Arnold and son Clint and daughter Rosalie have returned from Lafayette, where they spent the past three weeks. —John W. Armstrong, grand master of the Louisiana Masons, will deliver a lecture on Masonry at Kinder Thursday during the course of the three-day course of instruction which is being held there Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week.

Liver Trouble. "I am bothered with liver trouble about twice a year," writes Joe Dingman, Webster City, Iowa. "I have pains in my side and back and an awful soreness in my stomach. I heard of Chamberlain's Tablets and tried them. By the time I had used half a bottle of them I was feeling fine and had no signs of pain." Obtainable Everywhere. Aug.

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